

Lummis  
Contains notes on Translations  
of Spanish Songs of Old California

Chata Cara de Bule

(Bells of the Rosario)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Vuelve otra vez con tus palabras tiernas,  
Y vendras a consolar a este hombre en su afliccion;  
Quien hubiera sabido que tu amor era ilusion, Ay!  
Para no haber consentida, ni puesto-te tanto amor.

Eran los ocho y media, cuando mi amor te di,  
Los campanos del Rosario, tocaban a la oracion;  
Iba llegando alla Capula, cuando me acorde de ti, Ay!  
Horrerosa, chata cara de Bule, que he de hacer si  
te perdi!

Come as of old and with thy words so tender,  
Come in mercy and console this man afflicted so;  
Who would ever have dreamed it, that thy love was but  
a show, Ay!  
That he never had consented, no, nor staked such love  
on thee.

'Twas half past eight in th'evening when I told my love  
to thee,  
And the church bells of the Rosary were sounding the call  
to prayer;  
I was just getting to Capula, when I chanced to think of  
thee, Ay!  
Oh! my horrid, snub-nosed, dish-faced darling, What'll I  
do if I lose thee!

Es el Amor Mariposa  
(Butterfly Love)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

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Es el amor mariposa, que a la salida del sol  
Extiende sus blancas alas, y vuela de flor en flor.  
Es el amor un zilguero, que busca su nuevo placer  
Y canta sus dulces cantos a la primera que ve.  
Por eso morena mia, cuando te vi,  
Te dije que te queria, con frenesi.  
Y si mi negra me dice lo que yo se,  
Veras, veras que felices vamos a ser, vamos a ser.

Es el amor como un nino, caprichoso y jugueton,  
Que por un juguete nuevo, desprecia el que le sirvio.  
En este mundo, paloma, todo pasa tan veloz,  
Que nos deja saboreando, aquello que nos gusto.  
Por eso si no te enoja este cantar,  
Esa tu boquita roja, abrela ya.  
Y si mi negra me dice lo que yo se,  
Veras, veras que felices vamos a ser, vamos a ser.

Love is a butterfly ever, that with the first sunny hour  
Wide opens on snowy pinions, and flutters from flower to flower.  
Love is the likes of a linnet, that pleasure in novelty greets,  
And pours out his love-song golden, wherever a her he meets.  
And so when I first espied thee, my mit-brown maid,  
In frenzy of love beside thee, thy love I prayed;  
And if, Brownie mine, thou sayest one thing to me -  
Thou'l see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be,  
How blest we'll be.

Love is the likes of a baby, capricious and plaything-mad,  
That, eye, for a newer plaything disprizes the one he had.  
In this our world, my Paloma, all passes away, and so fast,  
It leaves in the mouth but savor of sweetness already past.  
And so, if thou'rt not offended by this my lay,  
That little rose mouth, bow-bended, open, I pray!  
And if, Brownie mine, thou sayest one thing to me -  
Thou'l see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be,  
How blest we'll be.

U

S P A N I S H   S O N G S  
OF  
O A D   C A L I F O R N I A

---

1st BOOK.

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| 1. La Reina             | 8. El Zapatero          |
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| 6. Chata Care De Bule   | 13. El Charro           |
| 7. Zona Fucca           | 14. Miss, Adios Amores. |

## SPANISH SONGS

# OLD CALIFORNIA

Replies and Questions from the public and  
U.S. citizens \_\_\_\_\_ made in the following  
order: 1. on Japan, 2. on the U.S.,  
3. on China, 4. on Korea,  
and writing on last BOOK.  
Final or Summary section on additional topics.

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|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. La Romana            | 8. El Zapatero          |
| 2. La Barquillera       | 9. La Primavera         |
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| 4. La Noche 'sta Serena | 11. Es el Amor Mariposa |
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| 6. Chata Caza de Bule   | 13. El Charro           |
| 7. Perra Huaca          | 14. Adios, Mios Amigos. |

**La Hamaca**  
**(The Hammock)**

Recorded and translated by Charles F. Lummis Transcribed and harmonised by Arthur Farwell

Tengo mi hamaca tendida, en la orilla del mar,  
Y mi cabaña escondida en medio de un platanal.  
Sombra me da el bosque, brisa me da el mar,  
Trinos el consentile, que bello es amar,  
Que bella es la vida, mediendo se va.  
Cuál mi hamaca tendida de aquí para allá,  
de allá para acá.

Recuerdos traejo en el alma, que me hacen mucho sufrir.  
No me los mires con calma, porque me siento el morir.  
Dale tu el alivio a mi cruel pesar,  
Calma mi martirio, no me hagas llorar.  
Ven que entre mis brazos, te quiero arrullar  
Con el dulce murmullo del agua del mar, del  
agua del mar.

I have my hammock a-swinging, down by the side of the sea.  
Hidden my cabin is clinging where the banana grows free.  
Breezes the sea it brings me, shady's my grove above,  
Songs the Mock-bird sings me, How lovely is love!  
How lovely is living! Life sways to its bliss  
Like my hammock a-giving a rock-a-bye that way, rock-a-  
by this.

Memories bear I at heart, love, sorely I suffer thereby.  
Treat me not cold and apart, love, for I am thinking to die.  
Give me thou the easing here of my hurt so deep,  
Martyrdom unceasing, O make me not weep!  
Come here to mine arms, love, I'd rock thee to sleep  
Swaying away to the murmur of lullaby wavelets, waves  
of the deep.

feel Death very nigh

El Quelele

The White Hawk

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

El Quelele se murió, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
A las tres de la mañana;  
El Quelele se murió, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Y la llevan a enterrar.

Tres dragones y un caño, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Y el gato de sacristán.  
Y los Queleles chiquitos, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Y se murieron de llorar.

Papa Quelele has died, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Died as the morning was breaking;  
Papa Quelele has died, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Now to his grave he must go.

Three dragoons and a corporal, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Tom-cat for a sacristan too.  
And all the baby Queleles, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Cry them to death in their woe.

La Noche 'sta Serena

(Serenade)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

La noche 'sta serena, Tranquillo el aquilon,  
Tu dulce sentinel, Te guarda el corazon.  
Y en alas de los zefiros, Que vagan por doquier,  
Volando van mis suplicas, A ti, bella muger. ) Bis

De un cor zon que te amo, Recibe el tierno amor;  
No aumentes mas la llama, Piedad de un troubador.  
Y si te mueve à lastima, Mi eterno padecer,  
Como te amo amame, Bellissima muger. ) Bis

So fair and still the night is, The very winds asleep:  
Thy sentinel so tender His watch and ward doth keep.  
And on the wings of zephyrs soft, That wander how they will,  
To thee, my fair one, all to thee, My prayers go flatt'ring still. ) Bis

Oh, take this heart to thy heart, His heart that doth adore!  
Fan not the flame consuming, That burns b y troubadour.  
And if compassion stir thy breast, For my eternal woe,  
Oh, as I love thee, loveliest Of women, love me so! ) Bis

El Capetin  
(The Rain Song)

Yo soy firme para amarte y constante en el querer,  
Que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando quiere a una mujer!

Con el capotin-tin-tin-tin que esta noche va llover,  
Con el capotin-tin-tin-tin que sera al amanecer.  
Con el capotin-tin-tin-tin que esta noche va llover,  
Con el capotin-tin-tin-tin que sera al amanecer.

Que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando empieza a enamorar,  
Toma vino, se emborracha, y se acuesta sin cenar.

Con el capotin-, etc.

No me mates, no me mates, con pistola ni puñal,  
Matame con tus ojitos, e esos labios de coral.

Con el capotin-, etc.

I am bounden for to love thee, and my constancy I'll show;  
O the troubles of a fellow when he loves a woman so!

With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, for tonight it's going to rain,  
With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, and maybe at dawn again.  
With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, for tonight it's going to rain,  
With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, and maybe at dawn again.

What hard knocks befall a fellow when he falls in love at sight!  
Takes to wine and gets befuddled, goes to bed without a bite.

With the capotin-, etc.

Do not kill me, do not kill me, with a pistol or a knife!  
Kill me, rather, with thine eyes, love, with these red lips  
take my life.

With the capotin-, etc.

Note. The capotin is the characteristic Mexican rain-cape, a  
thatch of leaves around the shoulders; very ancient. This  
is one of the best of the onomatopoetic songs of Spanish-  
America.

Chata Cara de Bule

(Bells of the Rosario)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Vuelve otra vez con tus palabras tiernas,  
Y vendras a consolar a este hombre en su afliccion;  
Quien hubiera sabido que tu amor era ilusion, Ay!  
Para no haber consentida, ni puesto-te tanto amor.

Eran los echo y media, cuando mi amor te di,  
Los campanos del Rosario, tocaban a la oracion;  
Iba llegando alla Capula, cuando me acorde de ti, Ay!  
Horrorosa, chata cara de bulo, que he de hacer si  
te perdi!

Come as of old and with thy words so tender,  
Come in mercy and console this man afflicted so;  
Who would ever have dreamed it, that thy love was but  
a show, Ay!  
That he never had consented, no, nor staked such love  
on thee.

'Twas half past eight in th'evening when I told my love  
to thee,  
And the church bells of the Rosary were sounding the call  
to prayer;  
I was just getting to Capula, when I chanced to think of  
thee, Ay!  
Oh! my horrid, snub-nosed, dish-face darling, What'll I  
do if I lose thee!

Peña Hueca

(A Teamster's Song)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Peña de aquel cerro alto,  
Donde mi amada pasa la vida,  
Donde estará la consentida, ay!  
Peña Hueca, no me vayas a olvidar.

Si estoy despierto, te estoy mirando,  
Si estoy dormido, te estoy soñando;  
Siempre la junta andando, ay!  
Peña Hueca, no me vayas a olvidar.

Cliff of that lofty mountain,  
Where she my loved one doth dwell contented,  
There, where she is that hath consented, ay!  
Peña Hueca, O forget me nevermore.

When I am waking, I see thy seeming,  
When I am sleeping, of thee I'm dreaming;  
E'er with my oxen teaming, ay!  
Peña Hueca, O forget me nevermore.

Note: Peña Hueca, a tiny Mexican hamlet named after the peculiar cliff behind it. (Peña, "cliff"; Hueca, "hollow", or "cave".) Pronounced Pain-ya Way-ca.

El Zapatero

The Shoemaker

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Yo le dije a un zapatero  
Qué me hiciera unos zapatos,  
Con el piquito redondo  
Como los tienen los patos.

Maldijo el zapatero,  
Como me engañó!  
He hizo los zapatos  
Y el piquito no!

Bis

I spoke to a shoemaker  
For to make me a pair of shoes,  
With the toes all nicely rounded  
Like a duck's bill or a gooses.

Confound that old shoemaker,  
How he fooled me, though!  
He made me up the shoes,  
But not the duck-bill toe!

La Primavera  
(In Springtime)

Ya viene la primavera, sembrando flores, sembrando flores, ay, ay!  
Y ya los campos se esplatan de mil colores, de mil colores.  
Cantan las aves, cantan las aves,  
Los oteros repitan sus trinos suaves, sus trinos suaves.

No me mires que nos miren que nos miramos, que nos miramos, ay, ay!  
Si mirandenos se dice que nos amamos, que nos amamos.  
No nos miremos, no nos miremos,  
que cuando no nos miren, nos miraremos, nos miraremos.

De sepulcros en sepulcros voy preguntando, voy preguntando, ay, ay!  
Si allí mora alguna alma que murio amando, que murio amando.  
Respondió me una, respondió me una:  
"De mujeres millares, de hombre ninguna, de hombre ninguna."

Now cometh the springtime tender, wild flowers sowing, wild flowers sowing, ay, ay!  
And now are the fields a-splendor, all colors glowing, all colors glowing.  
Bird songs are ringing, bird songs are ringing,  
All the hills of the valley echo their singing, echo their singing.  
  
Eye me not for they are eyeing us, and they see us eye, see us eye-  
ing, ay, ay, ay!  
And eyeing at us they're saying that we are ~~eye~~<sup>eye</sup>king, yes, lovers'  
eyeing.  
Now they are spying, now they are spying,  
When their eyes are not on us, then we'll be eyeing, then we'll  
be eyeing.

From grave unto grave I make my way, tapping, asking each, asking,  
proving, ay, ay!  
Is any soul here, I wonder, that died of loving, died just of  
loving?  
One answered candid, one answered candid,  
"Women, yes, by ten thousands, never man did! Never a man did!"

Pepa

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Quiero a mi Pepa y no es broma, Por que en honbra muy formal,  
Ella me hace delirar Si a la ventana se acerca  
Y toma, y toma; Dame en tu pico, paloma,  
Un granito de tu sal. Vales mas que el mundo entero,  
Ay! salero, ven acá.

Soy mas duro que una pena, Y mi Pepa me deshace,  
Con la muela que me hace Y el ojito que no guinda.  
Y toma, y toma; Dame en tu pico, paloma,  
Un granito de tu sal. Vales mas que el mundo entero,  
Ay! salero, ven acá.

No hay otra hembra en Sevilla De mas rango y mas ronco,  
Ni de tanto zarandeo Como tiene mi Pepilla.  
Y chillas, y chillas; Por Dios, niña, no me riñas,  
Ni me hagas enfadar, Vales mas que el mundo entero,  
Ay! salero, ven acá.

I love Pepa and that's no story, For she is a Dame of honor,  
Sets me wild to gaze upon her At her ciselet in her glory.  
And take it, yes, soma; Put me up thy beak, Paloma;  
And it's Attic salt, a weel! Thou art worth the world's completeness,  
Salt of sweetness, come to me!

I am harder than the granite And my Pepa has me crumbled,  
Making mouths to keep me humbled, And her little link began it.  
And take it, yes, toma; Put me up thy beak, Paloma,  
And its Attic salt, a weel! Thou art worth the world's completeness,  
Salt of sweetness, come to me.

Not a Dame in all Sevilla of more quality nor brainier,  
Nor so lovely, lively a frisker As my very own Pepilla.

She's bawling, and bawling, Goodness, girl, be done with bawling,  
And not always disagree! Thou art worth the world's completeness,  
Salt of sweetness, come to C.

Es el Amor Mariposa  
(Butterfly Love)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Es el amor mariposa, que a la salida del sol  
Estiende sus blancas alas, y vuela de flor en flor.  
Es el amor un gilguero, que busca su nuevo placer  
Y ronda sus dulces cantos a la primera que ve.  
Por ese morena mia, cuando te vi,  
Te dije que te queria, con frenesi.  
Y si mi negra me dice lo que yo se,  
Veras, veras que felices vamos a ser, vamos a ser.

Es el amor como un niño, caprichoso y jugueton,  
Que por un juguete nuevo, desprecia el que le sirvio.  
En este mundo, paloma, todo pasa tan veloz  
Que nos deja saboreando, aquello que nos gusto.  
Por ese si no te ofendo este cantar,  
Resa tu boguita roja, ahrola ya.  
Y si mi negra me dice lo que yo se,  
Veras, veras que felices vamos a ser, vamos a ser.

Love is a butterfly ever, that with the first sunny hour  
Wide opens on snowy pinions, and flutters from flower to flower.  
Love is the likes of a kitten, that pleasure in novelty greets,  
And pours out his love-song golden, wherever a Her he meets.  
And so when I first espied thee, my nut-brown maid,  
In frenzy of love beside thee, thy love I prayed;  
And if, Brownie mine, thou sayest one thing to me -  
Thou'lt see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be,  
How blest we'll be.

Love is the likes of a baby, capricious and plaything-mad,  
That, aye, for a never plaything disprizes the one he had.  
In this our world, my Paloma, all passes away, and so fast,  
It leaves in the mouth but savor of sweetness already past.  
And so, if thou'rt not offended by this my lay,  
That little rose mouth, bow-bended, open, I pray!  
And if, Brownie mine, thou sayest one thing to me -  
Thou'lt see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be,  
How blest we'll be.

U U

La Magica Mujer      *Enchanted*  
(The Witch)

Recorded and translated by      Transcribed and harmonized by  
Charles F. Lambs                  Arthur Farwell

Una linda y magica mujer  
Me encante con solo su mirar,  
Es vision o no se que,  
O es tan solo un angel sin igual.

Con un beso ardiente que me dia  
Con sus labios de coral me mate, me mato;  
Ay, y todito su amor a mi me entrego  
En mis brazos yo tenia reclinada a mi Maria.

Ven-te nina, ven-te, yo quiero darte  
Besos mil y mil,  
Que el que te adora siempre sera  
Tuyo para ti.

She's a witch, the queen of witchery,  
She that snared me only with her eye.  
Is't a dream that raptured me,  
Or is't a peerless angel from the sky?

In one kiss endearing how she thrilled,  
Of the coral of her lips I was killed, I was killed:  
Aye, the fulm of her love to me she freely willed.  
In my arms I held my Mary, held my yielding, clinging fairy.  
*To my heart I caught my fairy, caught her to my magic heart.*  
Come, O maiden, to me, countless of kisses  
All my own to be.  
Thine and adoring ever am I,  
Thine and vowed to thee.

El Charro

The Kind Hearted Boss

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Estaba un charro sentado, En las trancas de un corral; ) Bis

Su mayordomo le dice, "No estes triste, Nicolas." ) Bis

Necesito buen caballo, Buena silla y buen garban; ) Bis

Su mayordomo le dice, "Lo que gustes, Nicolas." ) Bis

Esa chica que usted tiene, Con ella me he de casar; ) Bis

Su mayordomo le dice, "Tiene dueño, Nicolas." ) Bis

Nicolas se desespera, y se quiere desbarrastrar; ) Bis

Su mayordomo le dice, "De cabeza, Nicolas." ) Bis

A lonely cow-puncher was mowing, On the old corral-bar slick; ) Bis

His boss he never says nothin', But, "Now, don't be growining, Nick." ) Bis

I need a good horse and saddle, And a slicker, 'n' I want 'em quick. ) Bis

His boss he never says nothin', But, "What ever you say, Nick." ) Bis

Your Mariquita.

And ~~that~~ little biscuit chester, She's just the wife I'd pick. ) Bis

His boss he never says nothin', Only, "She is spoke for, Nick." ) Bis

Then Nick gets desparate ready, To jump over the cliff right quick. ) Bis

His boss he never says nothin', Only, "Do it head-first, Nick!" ) Bis

Adios, Adios, Amores  
(Farewell, ~~Farewell~~, Our Loving)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Adios, adios amores, Adios porque me ausento,  
Por tanto sentimiento que tu me has dado a mi.  
Por eso ya no quiero Amar mas en la vida;  
A mi patria querida Me voy a retirar.

Tu promesas culervas, Y solo das pecares;  
Lagrimas a millares Se derraman por ti.  
Y de tu cruel sacta la herida es curada,  
No mas sacrificada, Veras mi libertad.

Desconsuelos y penas, Angustias y dolores  
A tus adoradores No mas les sabes dar.  
Por eso ya no quiero, Amar mas en la vida;  
A mi patria querida, Me voy a retirar.

*Our loving forever*  
Farewell, ~~Farewell, our loving!~~ Farewell for I must sever  
*Slowly*  
From all the woes forever That thou hast giv'n to me,  
In love, while life shall linger, No more I shall be falling;  
My native land is calling And thither I must flee.

Thou sweetest to bring sweetness, Thou bringest sorrow only,  
A million tears and lonely, Are falling eye for thee.  
. Thy cruel arrow'sounding Is healed to hurt no longer;  
Thould see me free and stronger, No more a slave to thee.

Disconsolate repining, Alas, and sorrow o'er thee,  
To them that so adore thee, Tis all thou know'nt to give.  
In love, while life shall linger, No more I shall be falling;  
My native land is calling And thither I must flee.

Corrections for the Engraver - Song: La Primavera.

I am not sure whether the mistake was caught in copy -

The second line of the second verse of the translation  
should read:

And eyeing at us they're saying that we are eyeing, yes, lovers' eyeing,

---

I find a copy in which the error was made of using the word  
"making" instead of eyeing.

Corrections for Engraver ~ Song: La Barquillera

2nd and 3rd verses, both of text and translation, should be transposed. To make it perfectly clear, I have clipped and pasted a copy in the proper order.

Corrections for Engraver - Song: Adios, Adios, Amores.

Change sub-title to (Farewell, O love, forever.)

In the first verse of the translation, make the first two lines read:

Farewell, O love, forever! Farewell, for I must sever  
From all the sorrowsever That thou hast given to me.

Corrections for the Engraver - Song: La Hanaca.

Last verse, second line, correct it to read:

Treat me not cold and apart, love, for I feel Death very nigh.

Corrections for Engraver - Song "La Magica Mujer."

Change sub-title "(the witch)" to read "(the enchantress)"

Follow original copy to verse:

"In one kiss entearing how she thrilled me!  
Of the coral of her lips I was killed, I was killed.!"

Change the next two lines to read:

"Aye, the full of her faith to me she freely willed -  
To my heart I caught my fairy, caught and held my magic Mary."

Remainder of song without change.

El Capotin  
(The Rain Song)

Ya soy firme para amarte y constante en el querer,  
Que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando quiere a una mujer!

Con el capotin-tin-tin-tin que esta noche va llover,  
Con el capotin-tin-tin-tin que será al amanecer.  
Con el capotin-tin-tin-tin que esta noche va llover,  
Con el capotin-tin-tin-tin que será al amanecer.

Que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando empieza a enamorar,  
Toma vino, se emborracha, y se acuesta sin cenar.

Con el capotin-, etc.

No me mates, no me mates, con pistola ni puñal,  
Matame con tus ojitos, o esos labios de coral.

Con el capotin-, etc.

I am bounden for to love thee, and my constancy I'll show;  
O the troubles of a fellow when he loves a woman so!

With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, for tonight it's going to rain,  
With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, and maybe at dawn again.  
With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, for tonight it's going to rain,  
With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, and maybe at dawn again.

What hard knocks befall a fellow when he falls in love at sight!  
Takes to wine and gets befuddled, goes to bed without a bite.

With the capotin-, etc.

Do not kill me, do not kill me, with a pistol or a knife!  
Kill me, rather, with thine eyes, love, with those red lips  
take my life.

With the capotin-, etc.

Note. The capotin is the characteristic Mexican rain-cape, a  
thatch of leaves around the shoulders; very ancient. This  
is one of the best of the onomatopoeic songs of Spanish-  
America.

El Quelele

The White Hawk

Recorded and translated by  
Charles E. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
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El Quelele se murió, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
A las tres de la mañana;  
El Quelele se murió, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Y la llevan a enterrar.

Tres dragones y un caballo, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Y el gato de sacristán.  
Y los Queleles chiquitos, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Y se murieron de llorar.

Papa Quelele has died, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Died as the morning was breaking;  
Papa Quelele has died, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Now to his grave he must go.

Three dragoons and a corp'ral, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Tom-cat for a sacristan too.  
And all the baby Queleles, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Cry them to death in their woe.

Jo. Hancock

(The Hawklock)

Recorded and translated by Charles F. Lummis Transcribed and harmonized by Arthur Farwell

Tengo mi hamaca tendida, en la orilla del mar,  
Y mi cabaña escondida en medio de un platanal.  
Sombra me da el bosque, brisa me da el mar,  
Trinos el consentle, que bello es amor,  
Que bello es la vida, mediendo se va.  
Cuál mi hamaca tendida de aquí para allá,  
de allá para acá.

Recuerdos traigo en el alma, que me hacen mucho sufrir.  
No me los quires con calma, porque me siento el morir.  
Dale tu el alivio a mi cruel pesar,  
Cáima mi martirio, no me hagas llorar.  
Ven que entre mis brazos, te quiero arrullar  
Con el dulce murmullo del agua del mar, del  
agua del mar.

I have my hammock a-swinging, down by the side of the sea.  
Hidden my cabin is clinging where the banana grows free.  
Breezes the sea it brings me, shady's my grove above,  
Songs the mock-bird sings me, How lovely is love!  
How lovely is living! Life sways to its bliss  
Like my hammock a-giving a rock-a-by that way, rock-a-  
by this.

Memories bear I at heart, love, sorely I suffer thereby.  
Treat me not cold and apart, love, for I am thinking to die.  
Give me thou the easing here of my hurt so deep,  
Martyrdom unceasing, O make me not weep!  
Come here to mine arms, love, I'd rock thee to sleep  
Swaying away to the murmur of lullaby wavelets, waves  
of the deep.

La Primavera  
(In Springtime)

Ya viene la primavera, sembrando flores, sembrando flores, ay, ay!  
Y ya los campos se esmaltan de mil colores, de mil colores.  
Cantan las aves, cantan las aves,  
Los oteros repitan sus trinos suaves, sus trinos suaves.

No me mires que nos miren que nos miramos, que nos miramos, ay, ay!  
Y mirandenos se dice que nos amamos, que nos amamos.  
No nos miremos, no nos miremos,  
Que cuando no nos miren, nos miraremos, nos miraremos.

De sepulcro en sepulcro voy preguntando, voy preguntando, ay, ay!  
Si allí mora alguna alma que murio amando, que murio amando.  
Respondió me una, respondió me una:  
"De mujeres millares, de hombre ninguna, de hombre ninguna."

New cometh the springtime tender, wild flowers sowing, wild flowers sowing, ay, ay!  
And now are the fields a-splendor, all colors glowing, all colors glowing.  
Bird songs are ringing, bird songs are ringing,  
All the hills of the valley echo their singing, echo their singing.  
  
Eye me not for they are eying us, and they see us eye, see us eye-  
ing, ay, ay!  
And eyeing at us they're saying that we are making, yes, lovers'  
eyeing.  
Now they are spying, now they are spying,  
When their eyes are not on us, then we'll be eyeing, then we'll  
be eyeing.

From grave unto grave I make my way, tapping, asking each, asking,  
proving, ay, ay!  
Is any soul here, I wonder, that died of loving, died just of  
loving?  
One answered candid, one answered candid,  
"Women, yes, by ten thousands, never man did! Never a man did!"

Peña Hueca

(A Teamster's Song)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Peña de aquél cerro alto,  
Donde mi amada pasa la vida,  
Dónde estará la consentida, ay!  
Peña Hueca, no me vayas a olvidar.

Si estoy despierto, te estoy mirando,  
Si estoy dormido, te estoy soñando;  
Siempre la yunta andando, ay!  
Peña Hueca, no me vayas a olvidar.

Cliff of that lofty mountain,  
Where she my loved one doth dwell contented,  
There, where she is that hath consented, ay!  
Peña Hueca, O forget me nevermore.

When I am waking, I see thy seeming,  
When I am sleeping, of thee I'm dreaming;  
E'er with my oxen teaming, ay!  
Peña Hueca, O forget me nevermore.

Note: Peña Hueca; a tiny Mexican hamlet named after the peculiar cliff behind it. (Peña, "cliff"; Hueca, "hollow", or "cave".)  
Pronounced Pain-ya Way-ca.

La Noche 'sta Serena

(Serenata)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles Williams

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Forwell

La noche 'sta serena, Tranquillo el aquilon,  
Tu dulce sentinel, Te guarda el corazon.  
Y en alas de los nfitros, Que vagan por desquiet,  
Volando van mis suplicas, A ti, bello auger.      } Bis

De un corazon que te amo, Recibe el tierno dolor;  
No aumentes mas la llama, Pd daf de un troubador.  
Y si te move a lastima, Si estres padeces,  
Como te amo amoro, Bellisima auger.      } Bis

So fair and still the night is, The very winds asleep:  
Thy sentinel so tender His watch and ward doth keep.  
And on the wings of zephyrs soft, That scatter how they will,  
To thee, my fair one, all to thee, My prayers go flutt'ring still.      } Bis

Oh, take this heart to thy heart, His heart that doth adore!  
I'm not like flame conuring, That burns thy troubadour.  
And if compassion stir thy breast, For my eternal woe,  
Oh, as I love thee, loveliest of women, love me so!      } Bis

Adios, Adios, Amores

(Farewell, Farewell, Our Loving)

Recorded and Transcribed by  
Charles F. Morris

Transcribed and Harmonized by  
Arthur Cornell

Adios, adios amores, Adios porque se ausento,  
Por tanto sientiendo que tu me has dado a mi.  
Por eso ya no quiero Amar mas en la vida;  
A mi patria querida Me voy a retirar.

Tu prometos dulcuras, Y solo das penas:  
Lagrimas a milares Se derraman por ti.  
Y de tu cruel saeta La herida es curada  
No mas sacrificada, Torna mi libertad.

Desconsuelos y penas, Angustias y dolores  
A tus abrazaderos No mas les sabes dar.  
Por eso ya no quiero, Amar mas en la vida;  
A mi patria querida, Me voy a retirar.

'Farewell, farewell, our loving! Farewell for I must sever  
From all my woes forever That thou hast giv'n to me.  
In love, while life shall linger, No more I shall be falling;  
My native land is calling And thither I must flee.

Thou sweetest to bring sweetness, Thou bringest sorrow only,  
A million tears and lonely, Are falling oye for thee.  
Thy cruel arrow's sounding Is healed to hurt no longer;  
Thou'll see me free and stronger, No more a slave to thee.

Disconsolate repining, alas, and sorrow o' er thou,  
To them that go where thee, Tis all thou know'st to give.  
In love, while life shall linger, No more I shall be falling;  
native land is calling And thither I must flee.

## La Barquilla 12.000

(The Girl and the Wherry)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Dennis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

En un delicioso puerto, De verde y fresca orilla,

**En una frágil barquilla, una tarde no embargue.**

四

Y 29. Portada la hermosa. Es grande, no grande de noche.

Ventre tempe e no bracchi, suspirando con suon.

En un delicioso puerto, De verde y fresca orilla,

Se una fracció ha de ser una banda no se la saca.

Al finalizar, suelta el peso. Que no altere su ritmo de baile.

Suelta el paño y ven a oír la gaza. Y no temas, mi frailecito.

En un delicioso puerto, recuerdo y fresca orilla,

En una fragil barquilla, una tarde me embutíto.

All in a delicious sort, oh, with fresh green herbs, so, so very.

All day from Little Berry on opening I go to sea.

And one lovely, sailor lassie, Never casting sorrow away against the tide,

But forever as she was passing, with love she signed and signed.

All in a delicious port, Oh, with fresh green shores so berry,

"In a craft would marry, On an evening I put to sea.

He says more, either less so. For it dismays me, the wonder

NEW YORK TIMES

show nob  
able-neglect

200 gms. Onions, fresh green chives, 60 gms. butter.

To shew you on an evening I will be gone.

may catch him the first blooming day.

Only to be seen.

It are going, In a tempest wild to thee.

## EL CHARRO

## The Kind Hearted Boss

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. LounsburyTranscribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Escoba un charro sentado, En las trancas de un corral; } Bic

Su mayordomo le dice, "No estes triste, Nicolas." } Bic

Necesito buen caballo, Buena silla y buen gabán; } Bic

Su mayordomo le dice, "Lo que gustes, Nicolas." } Bic

Una chica que usted tiene, Con ella no he de casar; } Bic

Su mayordomo le dice, "Tiene dueña, Nicolas." } Bic

Nicolas se desespera, y se quiere desbarrancar; } Bic

Su mayordomo le dice, "De cabeza, Nicolas." } Bic

A lonely com-puncher was noping, On the ol' corral-bar allock; } Bic

His boss he never says nothin', But, "Aw, don't be groundin', Nick." } Bic

I need a good horse and saddle, And a slicker, 'n' I want 'em quick. } Bic

His boss he never says nothin', But, "What ever you say, Nick." } Bic

And that little biscuit shooter, She's just the wife I'd pick. } Bic

His boss he never says nothin', Only, "She is spoke for, Nick." } Bic

Nick gets desperate ready, To jump over the cliff right quick. } Bic

never says nothin', Only, "Do it head-first, Nick!" } Bic

El Zapatero

The Shoemaker

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Yo le dije a un zapatero  
Que me hiciera unos zapatos,  
Con el piquito redondo  
Como los tienen los patos.

Maldijo el zapatero,  
Como me engañó! } B1a  
Me hizo los zapatos }  
Y el piquito no! }

I spoke to a shoemaker  
For to make me a pair of shoes,  
With the toes all nicely rounded  
Like a duck's bill or a goose.

Confound that old shoemaker,  
Not he fooled me, though! } B1a  
He made me up the shoes,  
But not the duck-bill toe!

La Magica Mujer  
(The Witch)

Recorded and translated by      Transcribed and harmonized by  
Charles F. Lummis                  Arthur Farwell

Uma linda y magica mujer  
Me encanto con solo su mirar,  
Es vision o no se que,  
O es tan sole un angel sin igual.

Con un beso ardiente que me dió  
Con sus labios de coral me mato, me mato;  
Ay, y todito su amor a mi me entrego  
En mis brazos yo temia reclinada a mi Maria.

Ven-te niña, ven-te, yo quiero darte  
Besos mil y mil,  
Que el que te adora siempre seré  
Tuyo para ti.

She's a witch, the queen of witchery,  
She that snared me only with her eye.  
Is't a dream that raptured me,  
Or is't a peerless angel from the sky?

In one kiss endearing how she thrilled,  
Of the coral of her lips I was killed, I was killed;  
Aye, the full of her love to me she freely willed.  
In my arms I held my Mary, held my yielding, clinging fairy.

Come, O maiden, to me, countless of kisses  
All my own to be.  
Thine and adoring ever am I,  
Thine and vowed to thee.

Recorded and translated by  
Charles P. Dunnis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Quiero a mi Pepa y no se brome, Por que es hombre muy formal,  
Elle se hace delirar si a la ventura se acuerda  
Y toma, y toma! Dame en la pico, paloma,  
Un granito de tu sal. Vales mas que el mundo entero,

Ay! salero, ven acá.

Soy mas duro que una pena, Y mi Pepa me deshace,  
Con la mueca que me hace Y el ojito que se guina.  
Y toma, y toma! Dame en la pico, paloma,  
Un granito de tu sal. Vales mas que el mundo entero,

Ay! salero, ven acá.

No hay otra herma en Sevilla De mas rango y mas meneo,  
Ni de tanto servidio como tiene mi Pepilla.  
Y chilito, y chilito; Por Díos, nina, no te rimes,  
Si no hages enfadar, Vales mas que el mundo entero,

Ay! salero, ven acá,

I love Pepa and that's no story, For she is a dame of honor,  
Sets me wild to gaze upon her At her casement in her glory.  
And take it, yes, lome; Put me up thy beak, Paloma,  
And its a little salt, a wee! Thou art worth the world's completeness,  
Salt of sweetness, come to me!

I am harder than the granite And my Pepa has no creviced,  
Taking mouths to keep me humbled, And her little link began it.  
And take it, yes, toma; Put me up thy beak, Paloma,  
And its a little salt, a wee! Thou art worth the world's completeness,  
Salt of sweetness, come to me.

Not a dame in all Seville of more quality nor braver,  
Nor as lovely, lively a fricker As my very lame Pepilla.

She's bawling, and bawling; Goodness, girl, be done with brashling,  
And not always disagree! Thou art worth the world's completeness,  
Salt of sweetness, come to me.

Chata Cara de Bule

(Bells of the Rosario)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Vuelve otra vez con tus palabras tiernas,  
Y vendras a consolar a este hombre en su afliccion;  
Quien hubiere sabido que tu amor era ilusion, Ay!  
Para no haber consentida, ni puesto-te tanto amor.

Eran los ocho y media, cuando mi amor te di,  
Los campanos del Rosario, tocaban a la oracion;  
Iba llegando alla Capula, cuando me acorde de ti, Ay!  
Horrorosa, chata cara de bulle, que he de hacer si  
te perdi!

Come as of old and with thy words so tender,  
Come in mercy and console this man afflicted so;  
Who would ever have dreamed it, that thy love was but  
a show, Ay!  
That he never had consented, no, nor staked such love  
on thee.

'Twas half past eight in th'evening when I told my love  
to thee,  
And the church bells of the Rosary were sounding the call  
to prayer;  
I was just getting to Capula, when I chanced to think of  
thee, Ay!  
Oh! my horrid, snub-nosed, dish-face darling, What'll I  
do if I lose thee!

El Capotín  
(The Rain Song)

Yo soy firme para amarte y constante en el querer,  
Que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando quiere a una mujer!

Con el capotín-tin-tin-tin que esta noche va llover,  
Con el capotín-tin-tin-tin que será al amanecer.  
Con el capotín-tin-tin-tin que esta noche va llover,  
Con el capotín-tin-tin-tin que será al amanecer.

Que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando empieza a enamorar,  
Toma vino, se emborracha, y se acuesta sin cenar.

Con el capotín-, etc.

No me mates, no me mates, con pistola ni puñal,  
Matame con tus ojitos, o esos labios de coral.

Con el capotín-, etc.

I am bounden for to love thee, and my constancy I'll show;  
O the troubles of a fellow when he loves a woman so!

With the capotín-tin-tin-tin, for tonight it's going to rain,  
With the capotín-tin-tin-tin, and maybe at dawn again.  
With the capotín-tin-tin-tin, for tonight it's going to rain,  
With the capotín-tin-tin-tin, and maybe at dawn again.

What hard knocks befall a fellow when he falls in love at sight!  
Takes to wine and gets befuddled, goes to bed without a bite.

With the capotín-, etc.

Do not kill me, do not kill me, with a pistol or a knife!  
Kill me, rather, with thine eyes, love, with those red lips  
take my life.

With the capotín-, etc.

Note. The capotín is the characteristic Mexican rain-cape, a thatch of leaves around the shoulders; very ancient. This is one of the best of the onomatopoeic songs of Spanish-America.

El Quelele

The White Hawk

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonised by  
Arthur Farwell

El Quelele se murió, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
A las tres de la mañana;  
El Quelele se murió, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Y lo llevan a enterrar.

Tres dragones y un cabo, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Y el gato de sacristán.  
Y los Queleles chiquitos, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Y se murieron de llorar.

Papa Quelele has died, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Died as the morning was breaking;  
Papa Quelele has died, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Now to his grave he must go.

Three dragoons and a corporal, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Tom-cat for a sacristan too.  
And all the baby Queleles, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Cry them to death in their woe.

La Primavera  
(In Springtime)

Xa viene la primavera, sembrando flores, sembrando flores, ay, ay!  
Y ya los campos se esmaltan de mil colores, de mil colores.  
Cantan las aves, cantan las aves,  
Los oteros repitan sus trinos suaves, sus trinos suaves.

No me mires que nos miren que nos miramos, que nos miramos, ay, ay!  
Y mirandonos se dice que nos amamos, que nos amamos.  
No nos miremos, no nos miremos,  
Que cuando no nos miren, nos miraremos, nos miraremos.

De sepulcro en sepulcro voy preguntando, voy preguntando, ay, ay!  
Si allí mora algun alma que murío amando, que murío amando.  
Respondió me una, respondió me una:  
"De mujeres millares, de hombre ninguna, de hombre ninguna."

Now cometh the springtime tender, wild flowers sowing, wild flowers sowing, ay, ay!  
And now are the fields a-splendor, all colors glowing, all colors glowing.  
Bird songs are ringing, bird songs are ringing,  
All the hills of the valley echo their singing, echo their singing.  
  
Eye me not for they are eyeing us, and they see us eye, see us eyeing, ay, ay!  
And eyeing at us they're saying that we are making, yes, lovers' eyeing.  
Now they are saying, now they are spying,  
When their eyes are not on us, then we'll be eyeing, then we'll be eyeing.

From grave unto grave I make my way, tapping, asking each, asking, proving, ay, ay!  
Is any soul here, I wonder, that died of loving, died just of loving?  
One answered candid, one answered candid,  
"Women, yes, by ten thousands, never <sup>than</sup> did! Never a man did!"

Peña Hueca

(A Teamster's Song)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Peña de aquel cerro alto,  
Donde mi amada pasa la vida,  
Donde estará la consentida, ay!  
Peña Hueca, no me vayas a olvidar.

Si estoy despierto, te estoy mirando,  
Si estoy dormido, te estoy soñando;  
Siempre la yunta andando, ay!  
Peña Hueca, no me vayas a olvidar.

Cliff of that lofty mountain,  
Where she my loved one doth dwell contented,  
There, where she is that hath consented, ay!  
Peña Hueca, O forget me nevermore.

When I am waking, I see thy seeming,  
When I am sleeping, of thee I'm dreaming;  
E'er with my oxen teaming, ay!  
Peña Hueca, O forget me nevermore.

Note: Peña Hueca, a tiny Mexican hamlet named after the peculiar cliff behind it. (Peña, "cliff"; Hueca, "hollow", or "cave".) Pronounced Pain-ya Way-ca.

La Noche Esta Serena

(Serenade)

Recorded and transcribed by  
Charles Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

La noche esta serena, Tranquillo el aquilon;  
Tu dulce sentinel, Te guarda el corazon.  
Y si alas de los zefires, Que vagan por doquier,  
Volando van mis suspiros, A ti, bella muger. ) Bis

De un corazon que te amo, Reciba el tierno amor;  
No lamentas mas la flama, Piedad de un troubador.  
Y si te mueve la lastima, Mi eterno padecer,  
Como te amo amarte, Bellissima muger. ) Bis

So fair and still the night is, The very winds asleep:  
Thy sentinel so tender His watch and ward doth keep.  
And on the wings of zephyrs soft, That wander how they will,  
To thee, my fair one, all to thee, My prayers go flutt'ring still. ) Bis  
  
Oh, take this heart to thy heart, His heart that doth adore!  
Fan not the flame consuming, That burns t' y troubadour.  
And if compassion stir thy breast, For my eternal woe,  
Oh, as I love thee, loveliest of women; love me so! ) Bis

Adios, Adios, Amores.

(Farewell, Farewell, our Loving)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles W. Minot

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Adios, adios amores, Adios porque me ausento,  
Por tanto sentimiento Que tu me has dado a mi.  
Por eso ya no quiero Amar mas en la vida;  
A mi patria querida Me voy a retirar.

Tu prometee dulzuras, Y solo das pesares;  
Lagrimas e militares Se derraman por ti.  
Y de tu cruel saeta La herida es curada;  
No mas sacrificada, Veras mi libertad.

Desconsuelo y pena, Angustias y dolores  
A tus adoradores No mas les sabes dar.  
Por eso ya no quiero, Amar mas en la vida;  
A mi patria querida, Me voy a retirar.

Farewell, farewell, our loving! Farewell for I must sever  
From all the woes forever That thou hast giv'n to me.  
In love, while life shall linger, No more I shall be falling;  
My native land is calling And thither I must flee.

Present to bring sweetness, Thou bringest sorrow only,  
Tears and lonely, Are falling eye for thee.  
Now's sounding Is healed to hurt no longer;  
So and stronger, No more a slave to thee.

Alas, and sorrow o'er thee,  
Thee, Tis all thou know'st to give.  
All linger, No more I shall be falling;  
Alling And thither I must flee.

La Barquillera

(The Girl and the Wherry)

Recorded and Translated by  
Charles E. Lummis

Transcribed and Harmonized by  
Arthur Maxwell

En un delicioso puerto, De verde y fresca orilla,

En una frágil barquilla, Una tarde me embarque.

Y la hermosa barquillera, No cesaba, no cesaba de bogar,

Y entre tanto que bogaba, Suspiraba con amor.

En un delicioso puerto, De verde y fresca orilla,

En una frágil barquilla, Una tarde me embarque.

Barquillera, suspira el remo, Que me altera tu manera de bogar,

Suelta el remo y ven a mis brazos, Y no temas naufragar.

En un delicioso puerto, De verde y fresca orilla,

En una frágil barquilla, Una tarde me embarque.

Deja, lassa, que yo mire, Como va la blanca espuma por el mar,

Que así van mis pensamientos, En terrible temor osted.

All in a delicious port, Oh, with fresh green shores so merry,

All in a frail little wherry, On an evening I put to sea.

And the lovely, sailor lassie, Never ceasing rowed away against the tide,

But forever as she was rowing, with love she sighed and sighed.

All in a delicious port, Oh, with fresh green shores so merry,

All in a frail little wherry, On an evening I put to sea.

Drop your oars there, sailor lassie, For it dizzies me, the wonder way you row;

Drop your oars and come to my arms, love, And fear thou not ship-wreck so.

All in a delicious port, Oh, with fresh green shores so merry,

All in a frail little wherry, On an evening I put to sea.

Leave it, lass, that I may watch it, How the foam is blowing snowy out to sea.

For it's so my thoughts are going, In a tempest wild to thee.

El Charro

The Kind Hearted Boss

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Estaba un charro sentado, En las trancas de un corral;

) Bis

Su mayordomo le dice, "No estes triste, Nicolas."

) Bis

Necesito buen caballo, Buena silla y buen gaban;

) Bis

Su mayordomo le dice, "Lo que gustes, Nicolas."

) Bis

Esa chica que usted tiene, Con ella no he de casar;

) Bis

Su mayordomo le dice, "Tiene dueño, Nicolas."

) Bis

Nicolas se desespera, y se quiere desbarrancar;

) Bis

Su mayordomo le dice, "De cabeza, Nicolas."

) Bis

A lonely cow-puncher was moping, On the old corral-bar slick;

) Bis

His boss he never says nothin', But, "Aw, don't be grouchin', Nick."

) Bis

I need'a good horse and saddle, And a slicker, 'n' I want 'em quick.

) Bis

His boss he never says nothin', But, "What ever you say, Nick."

) Bis

And that little biscuit shooter, She's just the life I'd pick.

) Bis

His boss he never says nothin', Only, "She is spoke for, Nick."

) Bis

Then Nick gets desparate ready, To jump over the cliff right quick.

) Bis

His boss he never says nothin', Only, "Do it head-first, Nick!"

) Bis

El Zapatero

The Shoemaker

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Yo le dije a un zapatero  
Que me hiciera unos zapatos,  
Con el piquito redondo  
Como los tienen los patos.

Malhaya el zapatero, )  
Como me engañó! )  
Me hizo los zapatos ) Bis  
Y el piquito no! )

I spoke to a shoemaker  
For to make me a pair of shoes,  
With the toes all nicely rounded  
Like a duck's bill or a geese.

Confound that old shoemaker, )  
How he fooled me, though! )  
He made me up the shoes, ) Bis  
But not the duck-bill toe!

## La Magica Mujer (The Witch)

Recorded and translated by Transcribed and harmonized by  
Charles F. Lummis Arthur Farwell

Una linda y magica mujer  
Me encanto con solo su mirar,  
Es vision o no se que,  
O es tan solo un angel sin igual.

Con un beso ardiente que me dio  
Con sus labios de coral me mato, me mato;  
Ay, y todito su amor a mi me entrega  
En mis brazos yo tenia reclinada a mi Maria.

Ven-te niña, ven-te, yo quiero darte  
Besos mil y mil,  
Que el que te adora siempre será  
Tuyo para ti.

She's a witch, the queen of witchery,  
She that snared me only with her eye.  
Is't a dream that raptured me,  
Or is't a peerless angel from the sky?

In one kiss endearing how she thrilled,  
Of the coral of her lips I was killed, I was killed;  
Aye, the full of her love to me she freely willed.  
In my arms I held my Mary, held my yielding, clinging fairy.

Come, O maiden, to me, countless of kisses  
All my own to be.  
Thine and adoring ever am I,  
Thine and vowed to thee.

Es el Amor Mariposa  
(Butterfly Love)

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Durvis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Es el amor mariposa, que a la salida del sol  
Extiende sus blancas alas, y vuela de flor en flor.  
Es el amor un gilguero, que busca su nuevo placer  
Y manda sus dulces cantos a la primera que ve.  
Por ese morena mia, cuando te vi,  
Te dije que te queria, con frenesi.  
Y si mi negra me dice lo que yo se,  
Veras, veras que felices vamos a ser, vamos a ser.

Es el amor como un niño, caprichoso y jugueton,  
Que por un juguete nuevo, desprecia el que le sirvio.  
En este mundo, paloma, todo pasa tan veloz.  
Que nos deja saboreando, aquello que nos gusto.  
Por ese si no te enoja este cantar,  
Bsa tu boquita roja, abrela ya.  
Y si mi negra me dice lo que yo se,  
Veras, veras que felices vamos a ser, vamos a ser.

Love is a butterfly ever, that with the first sunny hour  
Wide opens on snowy pinions, and flutters from flower to flower.  
Love is the likes of a linnet, that pleasure in novelty greets,  
And pours out his love-song golden, wherever a Her he meets.  
And so when I first espied thee, my nut-brown maid,  
In frenzy of love beside thoe, thy love I prayed;  
And if, Brownie mine, thou sayest one thing to me -  
Thou'l see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be,  
How blest we'll be.

Love is the likes of a baby, capricious and plaything-mad,  
That, aye, for a never plaything disprizes the one he had.  
In this our world, my Paloma, all passes away, and so fast,  
It leaves in the mouth but savor of sweetness already past.  
And so, if thou'rt not offended by this my lay,  
That little rose mouth, bow-bended, open, I pray!  
And if, Brownie mine, thou sayest one thing to me -  
Thou'l see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be,  
How blest we'll be.

Recorded and translated by  
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by  
Arthur Farwell

Quiero a mi Pepa y no es broma, Por que es señora muy formal,  
Ellas se hace deliciar Si a la ventura se apoya  
Y toma, y toma; Dame en su pico, paloma,  
Un granito de tu sal. Tales mas que el mundo entero,  
Ay! salero, ven acá.

Soy mas duro que una roca, Y mi Pepa me deshace,  
Con la muela que me hace. Y el ojito que se guinda.  
Y toma, y toma; Dame en tu pico, paloma,  
Un granito de tu sal. Tales mas que el mundo entero,  
Ay! salero, ven acá.

No hay otra hermosa en Sevilla De mas rouge y mas rosado,  
Ni de tanto zarandeo Como tiene mi Pepilla.  
Y chillla, y chillla; Por Dicen, nina, no me riñas,  
Si no hagas enfadar, Tales mas que el mundo entero,  
Ay! salero, ven acá,

I love Pepa and that's no story, For she is a dame of honor,  
Sets me wild to gaze upon her At her easement in her glory.  
And take it, yes, Lorna; Put me up thy beak, Paloma,  
And it's Attic salt, a wee! Thou art worth the world's completeness,  
Salt of sweetness, come to me!

I am harder than the granite And my Pepa has me crumbled,  
Making mouths to keep me humbled, And her little ink began it.  
And take it, yes, Lorna; Put me up thy beak, Paloma,  
And its Attic salt, a wee! Thou art worth the world's completeness,  
Salt of sweetness, come to me.

Is a dame in all Sevilla of more quality nor brilla up,  
so lovely, lively a friskier As my very own Pepilla.

She's bawling, and bawling; Goodness, girl, be done with bawling,  
And not always disagree! Thou art worth the world's completeness,  
Salt of sweetness, come to me.